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The Forget Me Not.

PRAY, GENTLE CHILD.

THE

FORGET ME NOT.

A GIFT

FOR

Sabbath School Children.

BY A. M. EDMOND.

AUTHOR OF WILLIE GRANT, THE VASE OF FLOWERS, EARLY DAYS, ETC.

Philadelphia:

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY,

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The Sabbath School Teacher to her Children.

Little ones! whose pleasant voices
Hail me on each Sabbath day,
For whose precious souls in secret,
Oft with earnest words I pray;
Love the Saviour—
Early tread the heavenly way.

Love His precepts pure and holy,
Let them in your heart abide,
Cherish there a spirit lowly,
Free from anger and from pride.
'Twas to save you
From your sins that Jesus died.

Yes, the Lord of life and glory
Died for you the death of shame,
That a free and full salvation

You might have through His dear name;
Joys eternal
Through His precious ransom claim.

Hark! His gracious invitation,
"Suffer them to come to Me."
'Come from every clime and nation,—
In the forest, by the sea,
O'er the mountains,
Little children, come to Me!'

O! in youth's exulting morning,
With glad life in every limb,
Ere the future brightly dawning
Sin shall stain or sorrow dim,
Now, rejoicing,
Give your young hearts up to Him.

How to Pray.

How to Pray.

"How shall I pray, mamma?" asked little Mary, as her mother told her she ought every morning and evening, to lift up her heart to the great and good Being, whose mercies she enjoyed. "Our Saviour taught us," replied her mother, "to pray to our Father in heaven." So saying, she found in the Bible that beautiful prayer, which Jesus himself indited for His disciples, and for all who should hereafter believe on His name. Mary learned this prayer; and though, at first, she did not wholly understand it, she loved to repeat it with folded hands, and kneeling beside her little bed.

Then her mother taught her another simple petition, that God would take care of her, and make her kind to her com-

panions, obedient and gentle, and fill her heart with pure and holy thoughts, that she might please the Lord.

Mary never forgot to pray thus at morning and evening; and to do so is the duty of all children. Yet how many there are who rise every morning from sweet and refreshing sleep, without once remembering to thank God for His kind care, in preserving them from sickness, danger, and death. All through the day, too, they enjoy the blessings of health, food, and raiment, without once expressing their gratitude to the Lord, who is the Giver of all things.

Others carelessly repeat their evening and morning prayers, scarcely remembering to whom they are addressed; in so great haste are they to get through with this duty. It is almost, if not quite, as bad to pray thus, as not to pray at all. It is a solemn thing to utter God's holy name, and it is mockery to draw near unto Him with

the mouth, while the heart is far from Him. He Himself says, that they who worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth. When you pray, then, remember this: God will not hear and answer your prayer, unless you feel what you say, and are mindful of His solemn presence.

He loves to hear children pray when they pray aright. Come, then, ever into His presence with reverence, and let your heart feel whatever your lips utter, and He will hear you, and grant you all blessings that you need both in this life, and in the life eternal.

Morning and Evening Prayer.

Pray, gentle child! when the morning breaks,
And earth to a life of beauty wakes;
When the dew is bright on the opening flower,
And drops like gems from the wildwood bower;
And the lark's glad song is echoing loud
From the silvery breast of the snow-white cloud.

Who hath awakened thee, joyful child!
From the peaceful dreams of thy slumbers mild?
Whose guardian hand hath thy being kept,
While one by one the dark night hours crept,
And brought thee safe to the glorious day,
With a bounding step, and a spirit gay?

Who brings the light to thine opened eye,
And wreaths thy cheeks with the rosebud's dye?
'Tis the Lord thy God! Then lift above
The voice of prayer and the song of love.

Shall the wild bird warble her thanks, and thou
Forget whose care is around thee now?

Pray, gentle child, when the evening shade
Is softly falling on hill and glade,
And the golden light of the setting sun
Has faded away in the twilight dun,
And the silvery stars come forth and shine,
To the praise of their Maker's skill divine!

Then let the sound of thy earnest prayer
Float up on the breast of the still soft air;
With penitent heart for thy follies grieve,
And a pardon sweet for thy sins receive;
Then softly sink to thy nightly rest,
With a peaceful heart, and a spirit blest.

Thus let thy voice in the morning rise,
And thy prayer at even salute the skies;
So shall thy feet in life's early day
Be found in celestial Wisdom's way,
And unto thee shall at last be given
A voice to worship the Lord in heaven.

Precious Fruit;

OR THE STORY OF WILLIAM BURTON.

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning in spring. The air was filled with the sweet odor of wild flowers, and the soft wind shook the blossoms from the fruit trees, as it waved the branches to and fro in the warm sunlight. All nature wore an aspect of loveliness, which cannot fail to raise the pious, thoughtful mind to the great Creator of such a world of varied and unceasing beauty. So thought a Sabbath School teacher, as he pursued his way, from his home among the hills, to the valley below, where the village church stood, overshadowed with the branches of luxuriant trees. As he paused for a moment to admire the

delicate pearly blossoms that covered the hedge row, like fine snow flakes, his attention was suddenly diverted by the sound of several juvenile voices in earnest conversation, on the other side. They proceeded from some half dozen boys, who were engaged in hunting for birds' nests in the thick enclosure. The teacher parted the branches carefully with his hands, bade them a "good morning" kindly, and said, "Well, my lads, it is a fine day in which to go to church and worship God. Can I not persuade one of you to accompany me?" The boys looked at each other, but made no reply. The teacher then turned to one whose mother he knew to be an honest, industrious woman, though very poor, and said, "Come, William, go with me to the Sabbath School, and I will give you to-morrow a good hat, in exchange for that ragged one which you hold in your hand." William's face brightened up at this, and he

ventured to look up over the hedge at the kind friend who thus addressed him. The next moment, however, he glanced at his torn and soiled clothes, and shoeless feet, and seemed about to refuse. "Never mind those," said the teacher encouragingly, "if you will only come I will soon put you in a way of wearing better clothes." William glanced at his companions, who were laughing and making signs to him not to go. But the winning, pleasant voice of the good teacher touched his heart. His irresolution vanished, and, emptying the bird's nest out from his tattered hat, he clambered over the hedge, and went away with his new friend, amidst a loud shout of derision, and abusive language poured forth by his late companions. "Does your mother like you to play on the Sabbath, William?" asked the teacher as they walked along. "No sir." "Do you not obey her?" William did not answer, and his friend suspected,

what was in reality the truth, that the boy had his own way, and was fast becoming wickedly inclined. They soon reached the school. William was at first ashamed to go in. He at last did so, however, and found to his surprise, that no one seemed disposed to stare rudely at him, or ridicule his uncouth appearance. He soon became interested in the exercises of the school, and when it was over, accepted, with pleasure, the invitation of his teacher to take a seat in the pew with himself, in the house above. When the services were ended, and they parted, this good man promised to call at the cottage of William's mother during the week.

I said William's mother, or the widow Burton, as she was sometimes called, was a poor woman. This was true indeed as far as worldly prosperity is concerned. A great part of the time she was sick and confined to her room; for she rented only a small

room in a neighbor's cottage. Her illness prevented her frequently from exercising that watch-care over the conduct of her son, which an active boy of strong will so much needs. Consequently William was suffered to roam at large, and so he often fell into the company of rude and vicious boys. The widow Burton, though poor and feeble, was rich in faith and pious hope. She was an humble, sincere Christian; and though she was sorely afflicted, she still waited patiently on the Lord, enduring his severest dispensations without a murmur. Of late it had distressed her greatly to see that William was fast becoming wayward and disobedient, as well as indifferent to her control. It was, therefore, with gratitude that she received a visit from the good Sabbath School teacher, and learned that William had been induced to accompany him to the house of God. She fondly hoped and prayed it might be the com-

mencement of a new and better era in the life of her boy, influencing for good his daily conduct. And so it proved. William continued to attend, and became deeply interested in the instruction he received. He learned many passages of Scripture, the nature and guilt of sin, and the necessity of seeking forgiveness and salvation through a crucified Saviour. Good seed was sown in his heart, which was afterwards to spring up and bear fruit unto life everlasting. He became also an industrious, well disposed boy. Instead of idling away his precious time during the week, in sport or mischievous conduct, he sought and obtained suitable employment for a boy of his age.

Time passed on. Nearly two years had elapsed since the commencement of my narrative, and William had become a stout active boy of nearly fourteen years. Meanwhile his mother had grown more and more

feeble; and feeling that something must soon be done for William, she wrote to her brother in H—, a seaport town some twenty miles distant, to learn if he could render his nephew any assistance, with reference to his future course in life. This brother was a sailor, and had just returned from a voyage. He wrote back that she had better send the lad to sea, adding that he would take care of him. With many tears, and much anxiety, therefore, she prepared him for his departure. To William the idea of going to sea was very agreable; for it had always been his ardent wish. On the last Sabbath he attended school, his teacher gave him a neat pocket Bible, with his name written on the blank leaf; and also a short testimonial of his good conduct and diligence in the Sabbath School during his attendance. He also gave him much excellent advice, warned him of the danger of evil company, and cautioned him against

even the taste of spirituous liquors. He persuaded him, also, to read regularly his Bible, and make its commandments the rule of his life and conduct. William regretted much to part with so good a friend, and promised to remember his kind admonitions.

But it was with still deeper regret that he bade adieu to his mother. His departure from home occurred on a beautiful autumnal morning. The air was fresh and invigorating, and the forest trees were just beginning to array themselves in those splendid hues which are a token of the fading of summer's verdant foliage. His mother with feeble steps accompanied him a short distance on the way. His scanty wardrobe, neatly packed in a handkerchief, was hung over his shoulder by means of a cane, and in the other hand he carried a letter to his mother's brother whom he had not yet seen. "Do not forget what you have learned in

the Sabbath School," said his mother, as she paused in order to leave him. A tear was in her eye, for all a mother's deep and fond anxiety was stirring at her heart. "No, mother," said William, "and I hope to come back some day and support you."

His eyes filled with tears, but for her sake he repressed the rising emotion, bade her "good bye," in a firmer voice, and went onward alone, with no friends as yet to cheer him, save hope, and a simple trust in God. He had proceeded a few miles on his way, when he was overtaken by a wagoner who was travelling also to H—, the town where William expected to meet his uncle. The man goodnaturedly gave him a seat in his vehicle, and as they proceeded but slowly, they did not reach the place until nightfall, which, however, was much sooner than William had expected, and brought him safely there without being either footsore or weary. He slept that

night in the wagon on some straw with his little bundle for a pillow.

The next morning he went forth in quest of his uncle, but to his great dismay he learned on inquiry that the ship to which he belonged had sailed sooner than was expected, having received her cargo. Greatly disappointed, and not knowing exactly what to do, he went from one wharf to another, gazing upon the curious scenes of bustle and activity which they presented. He did not like the idea of returning home to be again a burden to his mother, and he resolved at last to apply to strangers for the situation he had expected his uncle to procure for him. For this purpose, he inquired on board several vessels if a cabin boy was wanted. For awhile he was unsuccessful. At last, however, he chanced to meet with a rough but kind looking man, who was captain of a fine brig lying at anchor. "Do you want a cabin boy, sir?" asked

William, timidly. "Yes I do," was the reply; "do you want such a situation, my lad?" "Yes, sir," answered William, respectfully. "Well, what recommendation for good character can you give me?" "I have none, sir." "Then I cannot take you; I must have a boy who can produce a good recommendation." William's countenance fell, for as the man uttered these words he passed rapidly on. A thought occurred to the boy's mind. Hastily drawing out from his pocket the little Bible his teacher had given him, and opening it at the blank leaf where was written the testimonial of his good conduct in the Sabbath School, he ran after the captain. "I can show you what is written here, sir," he cried with trembling eagerness. The captain took the book and read the certificate signed by his teacher. Then he returned it with a smile at the frankness and simplicity of the boy. William told him his

short history, and then inquired if he could not possibly take him upon that recommendation. "Yes, I can," answered the captain; "I like it better than any other you could furnish." After a little more conversation, an agreement was accordingly made for him to enter into the service of his new master, and they parted with the understanding that William should come that day on board his ship.

The Ariel, bound for St. Petersburg, was lying a short distance off shore, making preparations to sail on the following day. William immediately sought out his friend, the wagoner, in order to send word to his mother of the change in his prospects and destination, and then went on board the ship. All was bustle and confusion; the decks were covered with various articles of lading, and resounded with the shrill cries of the sailors, running hither and thither in the exercise of their various duties.

The next day he was regularly installed in his new situation, and he entered it with the determination of being faithful and obedient. At noon the crew weighed anchor, and with a fair wind and all sails set, the Ariel commenced her voyage.

Soon after leaving the harbor William became very sea-sick, and perceiving that he was scarcely able to perform his new duties, the captain kindly gave him permission to go below to his hammock. In a day or two this disagreeable sensation wore away, and he became reconciled to the unsteady motion of his new floating home. He gradually made friends with his companions, the sailors, who at first ridiculed his awkwardness and timidity. He endeavored to be obliging and goodnatured, and shrunk not from any duty, however arduous and irksome. On Sabbath day when his work was done, for there are daily duties that must be performed on board ship,

he loved to sit, if the weather was fine, on the bowsprit, and read in the Bible his teacher had given him. Then he would think of the Sabbath School, and try to recall the instruction he had there received. Sometimes, when thus engaged, the sailors would laugh at him, and call him the little parson. But William did not care; he loved and revered his Bible too well to be ashamed of being found reading its sacred pages, and he felt that he had reason to be thankful for having been taught to look therein.

When the Ariel had been a few weeks out at sea, a violent storm arose, which, as it increased in severity, threatened seriously the safety of the vessel and her crew. The danger soon became so imminent that the captain and sailors began to relinquish all hope of escape, and voices crying to God for mercy were heard ascending from lips that never had prayed before. Now it

was that the religion of William triumphed as a strong hold and support in the hour of peril and distress. With his Bible in his hand, he knelt calmly down in the midst of the terrified crew, and offered prayer for deliverance in a steadfast and earnest voice. His companions, expecting every moment would be their last, listened devoutly to the words that fell from his lips. Hour after hour passed away of deep anxiety and fear, and from time to time the voice of William was thus heard imploring deliverance in this season of distress. Suddenly the severity of the gale seemed to abate, and the ship was tossed less violently to and fro by the giant waves, which had been lashed into fury by the storm. The danger soon became less imminent, and a trembling hope once more animated the breasts of the almost despairing crew. With increasing confidence they resumed their duties. The decks were cleared

of broken fragments and splinters of masts, rigging, and other articles damaged by the fearful assaults of the storm. As the ship was still laboring in a heavy sea, their efforts were arduous indeed; but as there was a prospect of safety, provided she could be properly righted, they thankfully toiled. Gradually the storm ceased in violence, and in the course of a few hours the darkness of the sky was withdrawn, and the rays of the morning sun showed only the traces of the tempest, in the flakes of foam that covered the troubled sea far and wide, and in the dismantled vessel that ploughed slowly along her liquid pathway. Now from many hearts went up a loud thanksgiving to Him "who holds the sea as in the hollow of His hand, and stilleth the noise of their waves." The most ungodly were touched and made grateful for so signal a deliverance; and from that day forward scarcely a profane word or

irreligious jest was uttered. When peril had been most fearful, William alone had calmly faced the death that seemed to stare them in the face. His example, and pious confidence and courage, were not forgotten, and those who had once ridiculed him for his serious ways, now held him in reverence and esteem, and he was suffered to read and pray without molestation. "I believe your prayers saved my ship," said the captain to him one day. "Where did you learn to pray so?" "In the Sabbath School," said William, "I first learned that God heard and answered prayer; but, sir," he continued, "there was no merit in my prayers; you must give the praise to God; it was His merciful will that we should be saved."

Not long after this the ship reached St. Petersburg, and William was allowed a day on shore from time to time to see the wonders of the place. Among

others, he went to view the palace of the czar, and while standing near the gateway, and watching the splendid carriages of illustrious personages arrive to pay a visit to the emperor, he chanced to see lying on the ground a magnificent bracelet, dropped by a lady of rank on her way to her carriage. He picked it up and called after the footmen, but they were already out of hearing. He then sought for an entrance into the palace, with a view of giving it into the hands of one of the chief servants. But he was rudely repulsed and denied admittance even into one of the outer halls. In much perplexity, he returned to the ship and asked advice of the captain. "Why, keep it to be sure," was the reply, "and sell it for the most you can get." "No indeed," answered William, "I cannot keep it, I must and will restore it to its rightful owner." Seeing he was resolute, the cap-

tain offered to go with him to the house of the English consul, who might assist him in restoring the valuable gem. This was done. The consul commended the honesty of the lad, promised him assistance, and fortunately succeeded in finding the fair owner, and restoring the bracelet, which was highly valued. The honesty of the finder was commented upon and admired; and the result was that William was presented with a sum of money by way of reward, equal in English currency to thirty pounds. He declined accepting it, saying that he had only acted rightly. But he was forced to take it at last, and his friend the captain invested it for him in articles which, at the close of the homeward voyage, were sold for a profit of one third above their cost in St. Petersburg.

William now resolved to write to his mother an account of his adventures, and remit to her the sum he had so

honestly earned. He then made several other voyages of longer duration; hearing on his return from each of her continued health and welfare, and remitting to her from time to time an account of his wanderings and a portion of his wages. After an absence of three years he visited her, and having settled her comfortably far above want and toil, commenced again his life on the wild wide sea.

As he grew in years, he grew also in religious principle. Providence smiled upon his undertakings, and the little ragged boy, who was hardly persuaded to attend the Sabbath School, became when he arrived at maturity a man of sterling piety and worth, who ever held in thankful remembrance the sacred precepts early instilled into his youthful mind.

Let the children who read this, whether rich or poor, learn to prize more

and more the precious institution of the Sabbath School; for heavenly wisdom is more enduring than riches, and in the possession of it men are not only temporally but eternally blest.

Be not Discouraged.

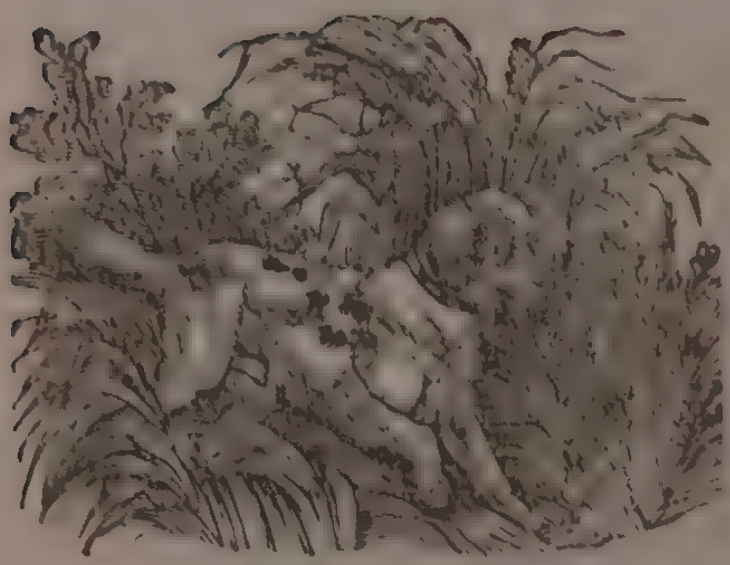
In learning, labor, or in play,
When obstacles we meet,
The hearts that drive despair away
Shall never know defeat.

Who perseveres the end attains,
Though patient toil it cost;
He has his recompense who gains—
Nor finds his labor lost.

Unless we conquer when we can,
Then wise we ne'er shall be;
Let Hope be leader of the van,
And victory we shall see.

A timid heart will never win,
Its feeble courage dies,
While bolder spirits enter in,
And bear away the prize.

To trying there is nothing like?
Perhaps we may before
Have tried with all our strength and might;
But *try* it then once more.



The three Tombs.

I ONCE stood beside a tomb in which lay the body of a king. The workmanship of it was splendid. It was built of stone, carved and ornamented in a most beautiful manner. On the top lay extended a statue of the monarch, clad in his armor, and with his hands clasped upon his breast. At first, I was struck with awe and admiration at the grand and imposing sight which the tomb presented, and thought how great a way was this to recall to the minds of the living the memory of the dead. But the king, whose dust lay mouldering beneath this costly monument, had done no great acts of goodness or virtue while he lived. He had reigned because the right to sit upon a throne had descended to him;

his rank by birth placed the crown upon his brow. And now, except that his name was registered upon the pages of history, nothing remained to tell that he had lived and died, but the sculptured tomb upon which I was gazing; and even this would in time pass from the eyes of men. His glory had perished with him. The king, to whom many bowed the knee in homage, was laid as low by the hand of death as the meanest of his subjects; and he had left nothing to men but the memory of his name, and the date of his reign.

Not long after this I went to visit another tomb, very different in its appearance from that which had excited my wonder and admiration. It was composed of a few slabs of plain grey stone, partly sunk in the long damp grass that surrounded it, and a coating of green moss which almost hid the inscription. It was the tomb of

BUNYAN'S TOMB.

John Bunyan; the man who wrote that beautiful story called "The Pilgrim's Progress." I dare say all my little readers have seen it and perhaps read it. Well this was his tomb, plain and obscure, and so lowly as to be almost unnoticed by the passers-by. But this good man does not need a monument, that people may remember him. He has a nobler and more enduring one in the hearts of men. No one who reads his book will ever forget him; and the good he accomplished in writing it will be felt to the end of time. His name will still be loved and cherished, and his memory be preserved in the hearts of men, long after the splendid monument of the king has crumbled away forever.

Then close by I saw the tomb of another great and good man; not great so far as worldly wealth is concerned, but great in piety and virtue. His tomb was almost as plain as that of John Bunyan. I suppose

you have all heard of Isaac Watts. It was he who wrote the sweet hymns which you see in hymn books under his name, and which are so widely sung over our land. He wrote also a great many hymns for children, among which is the one that begins thus,

"Where'er I take my walks abroad
How many poor I see;
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me.?"

His Divine Songs for Infant Minds will always be loved and learned by all good children. His happy spirit is now chanting with angelic choirs hymns of praise to that God he here on earth so devoutly sung, and there seems to come a voice from the tomb where his little dust reposes, saying in the language of one of his own sweet songs,

"My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,

Then burst its chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise."

It was very pleasant to look upon the tombs of these good men, and think of their happy spirits at rest in heaven, with the God they loved so well on earth. They delighted to labor for His glory, and to do good to men; and their blessed memory will make for them a monument far more glorious and enduring than any erected to the proudest monarch who ever wore a crown. I hope you who read this will grow up to do much good in the world. Perhaps you may never write such books and hymns, but you can do much to persuade men to love God, if you truly love God yourselves. Remember it is much better to be good than great;—to be distinguished for piety, as these men were, than for wealth or high rank.

Earth's True Riches.

O WHAT are thy fadeless riches, Earth!
That take to themselves no wings,
—The high renown of a royal birth,
And the bliss a sceptre brings?

The throne of a monarch, who 'neath his crown,
Dreams not, as he loves to see
How mortals shrink from his haughty frown,—
There's a Mightier far than he?

The gifts of the syren, Fame, who woos
With a sweet and winning tone,
Yet laughs, as the toiling wretch pursues
Her phantoms so swiftly flown?

Or say, are those riches costly mines,
Where the wealth of kingdoms lies,
Where gold, like the day-star, dimly shines,
Deep hidden from human eyes?

The ruby red, and the emerald bright,
And the diamond rich and rare,
That mortals prize for the brilliant light,
And the splendid hues they wear?

Or shining pearls from the ocean-caves,
Which the fearless diver brings,
There polished bright by the rolling waves,
For the jewelled crowns of kings?

These, counted oft as of priceless worth,
Are frail as the morning dew,
They take to themselves swift pinions, Earth;
O what are thy riches true?

The joys of home, and the ties that bind
The loved who are gathered there,
Where the brightest wreaths of Hope are twined,
That a child of earth can wear;—

The holy calm of a trusting soul,
When its idols are lying low,
When the gloomy waves of affliction roll,
And the storms of sorrow blow;—

The tears that fall for another's smart,
By the lash of misfortune driven,—
True friendship's bliss for the faithful heart,
And a truer hope of heaven!

Reuben Irwin;

OR THE FATAL TRANSGRESSION.

In a pleasant old fashioned house, on the banks of a river which wound through a beautiful valley, there once dwelt a worthy man, the father of several children, the oldest of whom is the subject of my story. Reuben Irwin, at the time I commence, was only about ten years of age, a bright and active boy, but, I am sorry to add, a boy extremely impatient of restraint. In common language, he was hard to manage, being possessed of a wayward, obstinate will. Young as he was, he had become a source of deep anxiety to his pious father and mother, who gave him religious instruction, and prayed earnestly for his salvation.

They were particularly anxious to have him attend the Sabbath School, and the services of the Gospel. But Reuben was not inclined to obey, and would often run away and spend a part of the Sabbath with idle boys, who wickedly made light of sacred things. He would plead sickness as a pretext for remaining at home, and when the family had gone, would steal away to his wicked companions and spend the holy hours in amusement. Reuben was a very deceitful boy, and by his artful manner contrived to escape the punishment which would otherwise follow his detection. But sin does not long go unpunished. The vigilance of earthly friends may be eluded, but there is One whom we cannot deceive. An eye that never slumbers nor sleeps is over us, seeing all that we do, and sooner or later the transgressor will suffer the punishment due to his iniquity.

Two years passed away, and still Reuben

was as bad a boy as ever. In fact, he was more wicked, for his conscience had grown more hardened, and he dared more openly to transgress, and scoff at divine things. His good father and mother wept over him, and prayed for him still more frequently and earnestly, for they feared he was growing up to be a very wicked man. But an event occurred, which, while it filled them with the deepest anguish, terminated their earthly anxiety in his behalf.

It was a fine clear morning in winter, the morning of the holy Sabbath, and the snow lay like a spotless robe on hill and vale, sparkling in the sunlight as if strown with innumerable gems. The beautiful river I have spoken of, was completely frozen over, and looked like a broad sheet of molten sil ver, in the valley where it made its bed. Reuben and his father stood side by side gazing silently out of the window on the wintry landscape. Each was busied with his own

thoughts, but how differently! The sound of the church bells from the village close by were floating on the breeze, and calling with their sweet musical voices to the house of prayer. Reuben's father was rejoicing in the day which God had made, in the hours which He calls His own. He was silently lifting up his heart to heaven, that he might feel grateful for the privilege of free and unrestrained worship; nor did he forget to petition for the wayward boy who stood beside him, that the Holy Spirit might bring him to feel his lost condition, while living in a state of rebellion against God. O could Reuben have looked into the depths of his father's heart as he thus made supplication, and have seen the fond yearning, the deep anxiety, which there struggled in behalf of his spiritual welfare, it would surely have filled him with penitence and remorse. But Reuben's thoughts were wandering far and wide from such things. His eyes were

resting longingly on the glittering river down in the valley below, and he was inwardly murmuring that the restraint of the holy Sabbath should debar him from the amusement of skating on its smooth and inviting surface. He had caught also a glimpse of one or two well-known forms gliding rapidly to and fro, and he ardently longed to join them. But he dared not openly do this, and he was busily inventing some plan by which he might secretly transgress, when his father thus addressed him. "You will attend church and Sabbath School to-day, will you not, my son?" Reuben made no reply, and his father spoke again, pleasantly, but firmly. "I wish you to go, Reuben; will you gratify me, my child?" "Yes, sir," said Reuben, but in a tone of voice which indicated anything but ready and cheerful compliance. Reuben's father perceived this, but said nothing, and soon after departed, sooner than the rest of

the family in order to attend a meeting for prayer held before the morning service.

Reuben dressed himself for church, and, at the usual hour, set off reluctantly for his walk thither. He had proceeded but a little way when he met four boys, well known to him, coming from the opposite direction. They were ranked among the worst boys in the village, yet Reuben had often made them his companions. Each of them had his skates hung around his neck, for they were going down to the river. At sight of Reuben going to church, dressed in his Sunday clothes, they suddenly halted and burst into a loud laugh. "What now," rudely cried the foremost, "why, Master Irwin, is this you plodding along to church? Why, man! do you know what glorious skating there is on the river to-day? There has been nothing like it all the winter and wont be again, I dare say," continued he, winking

at his companions. "Come, join us." Reuben did not answer. "Afraid of papa, eh!" said the boy, tauntingly. Reuben's cheek crimsoned, and he boldly answered, "No, I am not, I will go if I wish." "All right," answered the boy who had acted as chief speaker, "I see you understand these things."

Reuben glanced up the road in the direction of his home. His mother and sisters were just coming out of the door on their way to church. Quick as thought he bounded over the wall by the wayside, and concealed himself until they had passed by. He then ran to the house, procured his skates, and was soon on his way to the river with his companions, who received him with noisy and coarse approbation. Some severe upbraidings of conscience had Reuben, as he thus joined in their unhallowed sport; but he contrived to drown them all, and laughed and talked as mer-

rily as the most thoughtless of the group. The air was clear and bracing, and the river shone in the sunlight like burnished steel. Exhilarated by the exercise, the boys gradually proceeded farther and farther down the river, unmindful of the lapse of time, and the increasing space between themselves and home. It was already noon, and church service for the morning was over, but as yet Reuben hesitated to turn his face homeward. Suddenly and unawares he approached a bend in the river where the ice was too thin to bear his weight. It crackled beneath his feet, and before he could check the velocity of his speed sufficiently to retreat, it burst asunder, and he plunged headlong into the cold dark water below. The unfortunate boy sunk immediately, then coming to the surface struggled desperately for life, and shrieked franticly for aid. But his companions dared not approach, and paralyzed

with terror at the catastrophe, stood looking on at a distance. One of the number ran with all speed to the shore, calling loudly for help. Several men obeyed the summons and were soon on the spot. But it was too late—the quick work of death was done, and the soul of Reuben Irwin had gone to its final account. No trace of him was to be seen; nothing was visible save the broken fragments of ice, and the dark current below hurrying wildly onward.

"Let us go down to the dam," said one of the men, "if the body has not sunk it will make its appearance there." Silently and with rapid steps the others obeyed and made their way thither. "What is the drowned boy's name?" asked another. "Reuben Irwin." "What, Reuben Irwin who lives on the hill?" "Yes," was the reply. "'Then this will break his father's heart surely," said the other, "for he is the eldest child and an only son."

They reached the dam. The mass of water which had flowed for miles sullenly but swiftly under the ice, here bounded gracefully out into the bright sunlight, and fell foaming and sparkling into the basin below. As yet the body had not appeared. The men were provided with long poles to the ends of which hooks were attached, in order to seize it and drag it to the shore. A few minutes had elapsed when a dark mass appeared, emerging from under the ice, and floating on the surface of the water. "That's he," "that's he," shouted a dozen voices, and a dozen long poles were wielded at arm's length in order to arrest the further progress of the body. By a vigorous effort they succeeded in drawing it to the shore. But O what a mournful sight! His blue eyes were half unclosed, and his face was livid with the action of the icy water. The horror-stricken boys who had allured him to

pastime on the holy Sabbath, filled with terror and remorse, stole one by one away from the sad spectacle. The men carried him first to the house of a neighbor, where means were tried for his restoration. But all was in vain; and tidings of his fate were conveyed to his afflicted family previous to carrying thither the body.

In the meantime the afternoon had worn slowly away, and already the dusky gray of a winter twilight was stealing over the white landscape. Mr. Irwin's heart had been filled with intense anxiety. He had been twice down to the river side, and made other search equally as fruitless for his absent boy. And now he sat with his youngest child on his knee and his wife by his side, gazing earnestly out of the window, in the direction of the river, as if expecting to see him come from thence. "Where can Reuben be," asked little Mary, wonderingly. "Don't cry, mother,"

she continued, as tears fell fast and thick from the mother's eyes, "he will come soon."

Just then a crowd of men appeared approaching in the direction of Mr. Irwin's dwelling. The heart of the messenger, who had been sent in advance, had failed him to communicate the dreadful tidings, and he had lingered till the coming of the body. Advancing a little distance before the melancholy procession, he knocked at Mr. Irwin's door. The father obeyed the summons and opened it. "Your son Reuben is dead—he was drowned in the river." The quick ear of the mother caught the fearful words, and she fell senseless to the floor. The cheek of the father grew suddenly pale, and became almost as white as the snow on the ground; but with a faltering step and quivering lip he bade them bring their lifeless burden over the threshold. Then kneeling down beside it, and gazing a

moment on the marble features of his son, he exclaimed, "Not my will, but thine, O God, be done!" The weeping mother pressed her lips in anguish to the cold cheek of her first born, and murmured faintly, "O Reuben! Reuben! are you indeed gone from us!" Bitter indeed was the cup of affliction which these almost heart-broken parents were called to drink; but their most poignant grief arose from the thought that their erring, yet still cherished, boy had died while in the open and wilful violation of two of the most positive commandments of God. Yes, Reuben had indeed gone to his account while in the commission of sin, and while his feet were treading in the path of the transgressor. He died in the very act of disobeying his parents and breaking the holy Sabbath. Not a moment was allowed him for repentance. Death came unawares. As it found him so it ushered him into the presence of

that God who cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance. O how melancholy was such a death! And what a lesson does it convey to those who choose the ways of iniquity, and delight to walk therein! Death will not probably come to all such in so sudden and unexpected a moment; but to many it may, and to some it must. Far better is it to take fast hold of instruction and let her not go, and strive to obey the commands of God, than to be of that number, who being often reproved, harden their hearts, and are suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy.

Happy Death of a Sunday School Scholar.

She sleeps in the grave, and how sweet are her slumbers,
Away from life's conflicts, temptations, and woes;
No fettering clay the freed spirit encumbers;
O blessed are they who in Jesus repose!

She brought to the Saviour the dew of life's morning;
His goodness and mercy she knelt to adore;
And, richly her holy profession adorning,
All meekly the cross through her pilgrimage bore.

The world spread its charms to the young so alluring,
But its honors and hopes no true joy could afford;

She turned, and like Mary, sought bliss more
enduring,
Instruction divine at the feet of her Lord.

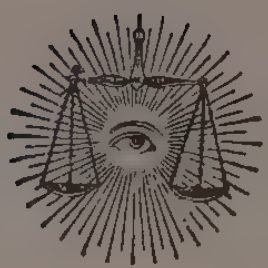
But disease touched her frame with its wither-
ing finger;
Her form lost its beauty, her voice its full
tone,
And the rose left her cheek, where it loved once
to linger,
For the vigor of youth in its freshness had
flown.

She knew that decay swiftly o'er her was
stealing,
And blighting life's prospects she counted
most dear,—
That the angel of death his mission was sealing;
But she breathed not a murmur, and shed
not a tear.

The shades of the valley stole silently o'er her,
Light broke from the Cross on its darkness
and gloom;

She trusted in Him who had passed it before
her,
And fearlessly welcomed the shroud and the
tomb.

"O weep not for me," was triumphantly spoken,
As weary and longing she waited to die ;—
The stillness of death told the golden bowl
broken,
The spirit's release, and its welcome on high.



Henri, the Swiss Boy;

OR, PRAYER IS NOT IN VAIN.

"THE boy is late to-night," said Stephen Hartz, an old peasant, to himself, as he replenished the fire with a new faggot, and then stood anxiously watching, from the door of his hut the snow covered ground, and the gray stormy sky. It had been snowing steadily all day, and although it was now the hour of sunset, the tempest had not abated in its fury, and no trace of the sun was visible in the frowning heavens. Old Stephen's hut was among the wild mountains of Switzerland. He lived alone with his grandson, a brave, athletic boy, young in years, but endowed with superior courage and agility. The old man and

Henri, as he was called, gained a livelihood in the winter by befriending travelers, and guiding them to a hospitable convent a few miles beyond their own humble dwelling. In the summer they also acted as guides, or performed manual labor for the convent.

On this night, Henri had been absent several hours. He had left the hut in company with a traveler, who wished to reach the convent before nightfall. Ere this, he should have returned, and old Stephen's anxiety increased with the storm, as the darkness of night gathered slowly over the wild, tempestuous landscape. Young Henri had left home at morn, and night came and even midnight, but he did not return. The wind rocked the little hut violently, until it seemed as though it would be hurled from its foundations. Old Stephen could not sleep through anxiety for the safety of his beloved grandson. Often during the night did he rise, and strain his dim eyes with

watching from the narrow casement, the only one that admitted the light into his humble dwelling. But before morning, the snow had drifted up higher than the window, and he could no longer gaze anxiously out for the return of his boy. Old Stephen was a pious man, and one of the earliest lessons he had taught young Henri, was the importance of trusting in God. Nor was he slow to practice this all important doctrine himself; and in the present instance, the more he prayed for his grandson's safety, the more confidence he felt that God would take care of him, and that his fate would be determined by the sovereign will of an all-wise Providence.

But let us return now to Henri himself, and ascertain what events have befallen him. The traveler, whom he conducted from his grandfather's hut, was a bold, bad man, a robber by profession, if profession his way of living might be called; and he

had not proceeded far before he began to influence the mind of the young peasant boy unworthily. He told him of his own exploits; of deeds of cruelty, and even blood; of unbounded wealth; and also of the gay wide world that lay beyond the narrow confines of Switzerland. "Follow me," said he, "and I will introduce you to an easy living, and put in your hands as much gold as you can carry." "No," replied Henri, "I prefer a simple life and an honest one; I had rather be poor all the days of my life than roll in ill-gotten riches." "You are a fool," answered Bernard, rudely, "and know nothing of life, or how to enjoy it." Henri did not reply, but whistling loudly to his dog, led on the way.

They were now near the convent, and the storm, which had been slowly but steadily increasing, became very severe. But just as they were preparing to climb

up the steep hill on which the convent was built, Henri was surprised to hear his companion say, "I shall not enter the convent yet;" then throwing him a piece of money, he dashed rapidly aside into a deep forest that skirted the pathway. Henri looked after his retreating figure till it was no longer visible, then hurrying on to the convent, related the strange circumstance to the inmates. As they listened to Henri's description of his late companion, and heard the sentiments with which he had endeavored to inspire the breast of the young man, one of the monks exclaimed in horror, "Surely this must have been the famous robber, Bernard, who with his band are said to infest the mountains." "You must not return alone," said another, "our porters shall go with you." But Henri would not consent to this, and calling his faithful dog set out for home.

He had not proceeded far, before the

storm grew so violent that he could scarcely maintain his footing. The fast falling snow nearly blinded him, so that he could not see whither to direct his steps. Before he was aware of it, he had completely lost his way. He endeavored to retrace his steps, and go back to the convent again. To add to his perplexity he lost sight of Banco, his favorite dog. In vain did he whistle and call. No Banco came; but half an hour before he had heard him barking furiously, as if he had found game. Henri began to feel discouraged. Never had he been exposed to so terrible a tempest. His strength began to fail him, when he resolved to make one more effort to go forward, in order to gain shelter in the forest, whose tall trees would break somewhat the force of the wind. Here he could walk more easily, and the snow was not so blinding.

He had not advanced far, however, be-

fore he heard the cry of his dog, as if in distress. A little farther on he was shocked to find the snow trampled with footsteps, and stained fearfully with blood. The bodies of two men, cold, stiff, and bloody, lay upon the ground, with the snow fast drifting over them for a covering. There were certain marks and bruises upon both, denoting that each had come to a violent death. Henri approached nearer, and recognized in one of the men his companion of the morning. It was Bernard himself. He lay stretched upon the snow, weltering in blood. In one hand he held a broken poniard; the other hand, stiff and ghastly, was clutching, even in death, a bag of money. The cause of this dreadful spectacle now flashed upon the mind of Henri. Bernard had attempted to rob the man who lay beside him; and in the violent struggle which the attempt called forth, he had not only killed his victim, but had received a

death wound, which in a few moments terminated his own existence. "Is this the way to enjoy life?" said Henri, shuddering as he gazed upon the revolting countenance of the robber. "Thanks be to God, who has kept me from temptation, and in whose ways alone is found true enjoyment."

He then called his dog, and hurried away from the dreadful scene. Soon after the tempest grew so fearful, that he was compelled to look about him for a place of shelter. By good fortune he came at last to some rocks, one of which formed a sort of cavern, and the snow had drifted about it in such a manner as not wholly to obscure the entrance. Into this cavern Henri crept, and Banco followed close behind him. The interior was filled with large loose stones, but it was free from snow and quite comfortable. As night came on the storm increased, and he foresaw that he must spend the night in this rocky re-

treat. He doubted not that by morning the worst of the tempest would be over, and he could easily find his way home. As it grew dark, Henri began to feel drowsy. He thought of his escape from the storm, and of his venerable grandfather, who, he knew, was full of anxiety for his safety.

Suddenly he was roused by the distant cries of a pack of wild animals. The sounds came at intervals between the blasts that rocked the forest. Banco pricked up his ears, walked to the entrance of the cavern, and then uttered a quick low growl, which terminated in a bark in tones of defiance. Nearer came the sounds and still nearer. The truth, the dreadful truth, soon flashed upon Henri's mind. It was the cry of a pack of wolves. They had scented his footsteps in the snow, and, famishing for blood, were hurrying on to devour him. The poor boy's heart at first died within him; for death, a terrible death from the

jaws of these ravenous creatures, seemed inevitable. Then recovering his presence of mind, and uttering a short prayer to God for deliverance, he quickly rolled some of the large stones around him, toward the entrance, in order to form a sort of barricade.

On came the wolves, mad with hunger, and fierce for blood. They tore up the snow at the mouth of the cavern, and with hideous cries endeavored to force a passage between the stones. Henri kept piling them up closer and closer, but his labor seemed almost in vain, for they would thrust in their long sharp claws, and even glare at him, with eyes like burning coals, between the interstices formed by the stones. Henri had with him no defensive weapon, and in vain did Banco snap at them and bark furiously. It only increased their rage. At last one animal, more daring than the rest, forced his body partly through.

Henri saw it, and though trembling in every limb, he raised his eyes to heaven, and prayed earnestly, "O God! if it can be in accordance with thy will, deliver me from this horrible foe." With a furious struggle the wolf gained the interior of the cavern. Here he was met by Banco, and a desperate conflict ensued. A mist came before Henri's eyes, and he sank senseless to the ground.

When he recovered, his faithful dog lay stretched beside him, wounded and bleeding, and the dead body of an enormous wolf lay at the mouth of the cavern. But where were the rest of these terrible foes? Henri approached the pile of stones, and gently removing some, looked cautiously out. Not a creature was to be seen; but a pathway, beaten by the feet of these savage animals, and leading in one direction, was distinctly visible. They had scented the two dead bodies in the forest, and leaving

uncertain prey for certain, had dashed furiously toward them; and their horrible yells and cries, that echoed through the wood, proclaimed the hideous banquet they were making. Fearfully the tempest still raged abroad, and darkness was fast adding to the dreary scene. "From what a dreadful fate have I been preserved!" ejaculated Henri; and kneeling down he offered grateful prayers to God in acknowledgment of his signal deliverance. He then piled the stones more densely at the mouth of the cavern, lest the bloodthirsty creatures should return; and fondly caressing Banco, wrapped himself closely up in his fur mantle, and lay down beside his dog.

He heard no more from the wolves during the night; and when morning came the tempest had ceased, and the bright sun, as it rose in the east, seemed to bathe the snow clad mountains and forests with hues of gold. Henri and Banco joyfully emerged

from the cavern, and in the course of a few hours found their way safely home. Most gladly were they welcomed by old Stephen; and when he had heard of the peril and thrilling escape of his grandson, he exclaimed, "Henri, did I not tell you prayer is never in vain? They are always preserved who trust in God."

THE BABE.

The Babe.

A MISSIONARY'S little daughter was put to rest one night by her mother, who then requested the native woman that lived with her, to close the outer door of the cottage as usual. This precaution, it so happened, was not taken. Not long after, in the course of the evening, the mother, while engaged in writing, heard footsteps, soft and stealthy, on the floor of the verandah. Being alarmed, she sought her child, and finding it safe, then communicated her fears to her husband, and both proceeded to search the premises in quest of the intruder. They soon discovered the tracks of a large tiger, which they traced from the verandah to the door of the room where their little one lay quietly sleeping.

is very unfortunate," was the kind reply; "come, follow me, and I will take care of you." Franz rose from his seat and followed his benefactor home. Here he received a dry comfortable suit of clothes, and was furnished with suitable employment. He was taught, moreover, to read, and soon distinguished himself for his rapidity and ease in acquiring the rudiments of knowledge. He became very strongly attached to his generous friend, who gave him not only mental, but moral instruction. He taught him the commandments, and told him he must make them his rule of conduct through each day. He also bade him repeat the Lord's Prayer often, and kindly explained to him its meaning. As Franz gradually understood these things, and tested his conduct by the law of God, he saw his great deficiency in meeting its requirements. This led him to humble repentance and sincere reforma-

tion. His good friend saw the enlightening change with great delight, and rejoiced that he had been the means, under God, of snatching so precious a brand from the burning. Great indeed was the transformation. From a ragged outcast boy, Franz became a lad of fine character and unusual promise. He possessed excellent natural abilities, the true value and extent of which appeared, as the dark mists of ignorance and degradation rolled away before the light of truth and intelligence. As time passed on, he was deemed worthy of a situation in the business of the good man who had thus befriended him; and from the office of errand boy in the family, he was elevated to the position of clerk in a large banking establishment. Here he continued until the death of his master; ever trustworthy and upright; openly avowing himself to be guided in all things by religious principles; and conduct-

ing himself with a humility, which showed that prosperity had not obliterated the memory of his early life. He shed many tears of regret over the lifeless form of his benefactor, and determined to imitate his benevolent spirit, in his intercourse with the world.

Time passed rapidly on, and Franz became more and more beloved and respected by his fellow citizens, and filled, to their entire satisfaction, several important posts which from one period to another were offered him. At last his good conduct, excellent ability, and strict integrity, won for him the situation of chief magistrate in the very city, where, about twenty-five years before, he had wandered a homeless, friendless boy, subsisting on the slender pittance of charity, and exposed to the almost certain ruin, consequent upon such a life. Thankful indeed was Franz in the shining days of his prosperity, that a merciful and

gracious Providence had interposed between him and the way of the transgressor, in that hour which might truly be said to have been the turning point in his journey through life.

Strive to do Right.

STRIVE to do right, O strive to do right,
Though the voice of the Tempter be strong,
The path that he shows you, in sorrow and night
Is certain to end before long.

Give heed to the voice that is speaking within,
So faithfully, tenderly warning;
Its accents obey, and from folly and sin
Your feet shall be kept in life's morning.

Be firm in the struggle, care not for the pain,
You may feel in the moment of trial
When the conflict is over, ten fold you will gain
In return for your steadfast denial.

A help from on high to the spirit is given,
That strives with an earnest endeavor,
To do what is right in the pure eyes of Heaven—
A blessing forever and ever.

Sea-side Thoughts.

I STOOD by the sea-side one pleasant afternoon in summer. Before me lay the broad blue ocean, stretching far away until it grew dim in the distance, and the white-sailed ships looked like mere specks upon its bosom. The tide was fast retreating, and it left the pebbly beach with a hoarse and angry roar, as if vexed at being compelled by some unseen power to submit to that law of nature, which causes its alternate ebb and flow. As it gradually withdrew, there appeared one by one the tops of several ragged and moss-covered rocks, which had been concealed for a time by the high water. Presently they were entirely disclosed, and left bare and dripping upon the sand.

I walked up to one of these rocks and examined it. The bright, warm sun shone full upon it, and as it became dry, its whole surface appeared quickened into life and activity. Bare, and black, and rugged as it at first appeared, I found it to be the abode of myriads of little creatures, miniature snails, who were creeping out from among the long moss, and enjoying the warm air and sunshine. Large clusters of little muscles, also, opened wide their tiny shells, as if in delight at their emancipation from the cold, dark sea. Yet I doubted not that both elements were equally necessary for their happiness and existence.

As I looked upon them, I saw in their very insignificance and helplessness something to admire. I saw how wonderfully God had contrived the mechanism of their bodies, so that they could exist equally well both in and out of the water. At

the coming in of the tide, when the rough, strong billows break upon the rock, the tiny snail retreats into his shelly house, and as he does so, he exhausts the little air between him and the rock, or moss, to which he clings, and causes a sort of suction, which makes him adhere too firmly to be washed away. The muscles close their shells, and having grown, as it were, to the rock in large clusters, are undisturbed as the waves break over and finally cover them. How well they are adapted to their home in the ocean. A wisdom and skill are displayed in their structure, far beyond human invention. After I had observed them sufficiently, I commenced amusing myself with tracing letters on the sand, which was fast growing white and dry.

I wrote several words, although I knew the tide, when it returned, would obliterate them; and I thought, as I did so, of the

minds of little children—how God had so ordained it, that impressions made upon them the tide of time could never wash away. They must exist forever, and influence the conduct more or less, through life.

I could write very easily on the smooth sand, and inscribe there whatever words I chose. Whether good or bad, they would soon be effaced. But not so is it, I thought, with the lines written on the heart of a child. They are drawn more easily than the letters on the sand, but once drawn, they are never blotted out. O how careful, then, should children be, to allow only good impressions to make lasting abodes in their hearts! How earnestly should they endeavor to choose only good companions, and read good books, and above all, be willing to receive pious instructions, that, by the aid of the Holy Spirit,

they may become heirs of everlasting life, and dwell forever in that world where sin never can come!

Then I thought of the Book of Life; the great Book wherein God records the names of those who love and serve Him here. No name written there can be effaced, and an immortality of bliss belongs to those who are thus inscribed. All names written on the scroll of earthly fame, however brightly they may shine for a season, will not long endure. Time will soon sweep them away, and, once gone, they are gone forever. But the name of the most obscure and despised disciple of Christ, recorded in the Book of Life, will abide the fire of the great and last day, and summon its owner to a seat at the right hand of God, where are pleasures forevermore.

As I mused thus by the sea-side, I could not but offer the earnest prayer, that the

dear children in whom I felt an interest, as well as all others, might find their names thus recorded, when their journey should cease through a world like this, where the prospect of earthly renown would make us forget that which is imperishable and heavenly.

The Closing Year.

The present year is closing fast—
The next will soon begin;
We never can recall the past,
Then let us look within,—
To see if conscience can commend
The thoughts and actions done;
For soon our years on earth will end,—
Our mortal race be run.

We know not who may lie beneath
The cold and silent ground,
Or who may sleep the sleep of death,
Ere next New Year comes round.
It may be some in early life,
The child of tender age,
The husband, or the happy wife,
Perhaps the gray-haired sage.

O! if we only live aright,
Whene'er our change shall come,
Our pathway shall with hope be bright
Of a celestial home.
If we improve the moments given
In pious wisdom here,
Then may we spend at last in Heaven
A blest eternal year.

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